THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1889.

Millions a Year and Hundreds of Wives Fail to Bring Joy to the Sultan.

HE FEARS THE ASSASSIN.

How the Great Caliph Lives and Rules at Constantinople.

A TREASURY FILLED WITH DIAMONDS.

Regarded as the Shadow of God by His Subjects-His Resemblance to Jay Gould -A Reyal Progress to Prayers-Palaces That Are Visions of Oriental Architectaval Bennry-A Fondness for Americans and a Desire to Develop Turkey-Bound by Debt and Faunticism of His Subjects -A Just Judge.

IVEOM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.] ONSTANTINOPLE September 2.-On the 22d of next September Sultan Abdul-Hamid will be 47 years old, He has an empire nearly half the size of the United States over which he is absolute ruler, and his word means life and death to more than 33,000,-000 people. He is the spiritual head of the great Mohammedan religion, and 200,-,000,000 lips speak his name in worship every day. Multitudes in India, North Africa,

China and South

The Sultan's Coachman as the "Shadow of homet. He has an income of \$10,000,000 a year. His treasury is filled with diamonds. His palaces are numbered by scores and he counts his Arab horses by the thousands. year with the fairest of the young female slaves of Georgia and Circassia. If physical comfort, sensual enjoyments and worldnow in his prime, ought to be the happiest | posit man in the world. He is on the contrary one of the most miserable. Every one of the roses of his life conceals a thorn, and in each of his palaces the skeletons of fear hide twice at the mosque, and I saw him when he in the closets, stand behind the marble columns of the salons and poke their heads out at him through the perfumed steam of his luxurious Turkish bath. Having absolute control over millions of lives he exists in daily fear of losing his own, and he trambles as he spends his nights and day for years. The Sultan out at him through the perfumed steam of trembles as he spends his nights and days likes to wall his doings with secrecy, and inside his great palaces surrounded by his only the barest details of his private life are guards. He moves among his people only when he is torced to do so by the religious observances which are incumbent upon him as the head of Mohammedan religion, and his only outing is on Friday afternoon

Mosque. AN IMPORTANT CEREMONY.

of Constantinopic. The people would rise in insurrection if the Sultan omitted it, and it takes 7,000 troops to guard him on his way from his palace to his place of worship, The favorite mosque of the Sultan is that of Hamidiea. It was built by him and it is a great minarets rising hundreds of feet above its airy dome and looking out over the Bosshorus, Stamboul and the sea of Marmora. It is near the Sultan's geat palace, called Yildiz and it is in the English quarter of Constaninople, known as Pera. A wide winding road leads from the palace to the mosque, and at the side of this a house has been built by the Sultan for distinguished foreign guests. This house is just opposite the mosque and its windows command a fine view of it and the roads leading to it. Armed with the card of the American Minister and accompanied by my Mohamme-dan guide I was received by the officer in charge when I called at this house vesterday. I was given a seat at one of the windows and for two hours preceding the ceremony I was interested in the massing of the

soldiers and in the preparation for the coming of the Sultan. First came a little army of carts drawn by donkeys and led by bare-legged men in turbans. These carts were filled with soft yellow sand, and this sand was spread over e roud to the depth of several inches. The Sultan's royal bones are too holy to be julted over cobble stones or macadam, and whenever he goes out to drive the road over which he intends to march is covered with sand. After the carts came water wagons and the sand was sprinkled to make it softer and firmer. As time goes on the soldiers march up division atter division and rank themselves along the highway. There are regiments of cavalry on the finest of Arabian steeds, each regiment having horses of the same color, and nearly the same color, and a pearly the sa ery regiment uniformed differently. Here is a troop of Circassians with black caps six nches high, upon the crown of which are white crosses. They are dressed in European uniforms, and upon their breasts are rows of cartridges. Below them are cavalry from Asia Minor, and coming down the hill in the distance are troop after troop of bronze-faced, fine looking men in turbans and caps on the finest of Arabian horses. The soldiers are tall, broad-shouldered and straight. Down another road march long lines of infantry, some in green colors of Mahomet and others in clothes of blue

trimmed with red. As the hour for the coming of the Sultan approaches, the roads turn into rivers of the soldiers, are seen the curious characters of a Mohammedan crowd. There at the right of a Mohammedan crowd. There at the right is a patch of white, and you note that the hundred balloon-like bags of white cotton or silk, which seem to stand upright on the ground are alive and taking round as the body of a man, and more ground are alive and taking your glass you see that out of each bag near the top peeps two black eyes and you know that these are the ladies of several Mohammedan harems, who have come out to get a view of the Sultan. Now come the officers of the court, They drive up in carriages drawn by magnificent horses. Some of them come on horseback, and the breasts of all are covered with medals, while their clothes of European cut fairly blaze with gold lace. Each man wears a bright red fez cap, which looks like a gigantic red tumbler inverted, and these caps crown the heads of the soldiers as well as making the whole crowd look

like a great human flower bed of red. There is a cheer from 10,000 throats, and the music is heard in the distance. The the music is heard in the distance. The Majesty never occupied this grand building cry goes up that the Sultan is coming, and over night. It is, said the official, because the music is beard in the distance. The cry goes up that the Sultan is coming, and now around the corner, preceded by a gorgeously dressed guard upon horseback, surrounded by officers, with swords drawn, comes a low barouche drawn by the most magnificent black horses you have ever

seen. These are driven by a coachman, whose body is resplendent in a red velvet suit embroidered in gold. He has a fez cap on his head, and as he holds the reins tight his gold sleeves hang down like those of the ladies' fashionable dress of some years ago. The carriage is black, but its trimmings are gold, and the horses are resplendent in gold buckles and trimmings. In the carriage itself there persons are seated. On carriage itself three persons are seated. On the front seat I note a fine, gray-whiskered old man. It is Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, and beside him is a younger man, a favorite of the Sultan. On the back seat

THE SULTAN HIMSELF. He is more simply dressed than any one of the 10,000 people surrounding him, and his clothes are the morning suit of a gentleman, the coat cut high at the neck like that of an Episcopal clergyman when out of the pulpit. His coat is edged with red cord and he wears the same kind of a boiled this transfer of the same kind of a and he wears the same kind of a boiled shirt and turnover collar that you do. His head is covered with a red fez cap which you could buy for a dollar, and below this look out a pair of large, liquid dark eyes through a face which is of the same sallow hue and which has the same features as that of Jay Gould. Jay Gould's face is the twin of the Sultan's. The two men have the same nose and the same nervous worn features.

The Sultan is perhaps a trifle taller than Geuld, and I would judge that he weighs perhaps 20 pounds more. He is, I judge, about 5 ieet 9 inches and he weighs about



Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey.

150 pounds. His face is the color of old Jersey cream, and his eyes are large, black and restless. He has a high, narrow torehead, a Europe look upon him long, thin face, a nose just slightly in-clined to the Roman, and he wears a full set God," and like the Turks of Asia Minor regard him as the representative of Mahomet. He has an income of \$10,000,000 a look of a man who lies awake at night. He does not look like a happy man, and his eyes wandered here and there as he rode slowly over the sanded way to the gates of the counts his Arab horses by the thousands.
He has countless servants to satisfy his tainment he looked up and raised his hand every wish, and his harem, filled with the to his fez cap in salutation. He then drove beauties of the Orient, is replenished each vear with the fairest of the voung female tered the gate the soldiers all turned around in order that their faces might be toward him, and when in the course of half an hour ly power are the chiefjends of life, this man, he appeared again, they resumed their old

AN UNHAPPY MONARCH.

known to the general public. gates of his great palaces only his intimate friends and his most trusted servants come, and I am told that he has such a fear of a sassination that he has men continually on guard, both about his person, at his and about his watch towers. The palaces of Yildiz are all built on hills. Their grounds contain many acres, and they consist of ravines, through which flow but bling brooks, of forests and lakes, of parks and of gardens. They rise almost straight up from the beginning of the Bosphorus and the 30 or 40 palaces which His Majesty owns here all command views of the surrounding country, Notwithstanding this elevated position the Sultan still fears plottings and assassinations. He trusts few people implicitly, and he seldom goes to bed at night. He sits up until 1 o'clock, amusing himself as best he can, and then throws himself into a cushioned chair and dozes on till daybreak when he retires to his bed to sleep. He has those about him in whom he thinks he can confide, but the fate of his predecessors warns him to beware. During the 13 years of his reign he has had several revolutions and he was frightened almost to death when the Czar of Russia was assassinated.

He has a number of other palaces outside of this one in which he lives, but ne seldom occupies them for more than a few hours at a time. One of his largest palaces is tha



of Dolma Bagtche, which seems to rest on the waters of the Bosphorus, and which is a great airy structure of stone and stucco, is surrounded by beautiful gardens and parks, and is gorgeously furnished with rich carpets, crystal chandeliers and with all the beautiful things that money can

A MAGNIFICENT PALACE.

This place was that in which Sultan Abdul Azziz lived, and the upper part of it was devoted to his harem. When it is remembered that this man spent nearly three million dollars a year on this part of his household alone, some idea of the grandeur of the turniture can be conceived. In one or, and along the side of them, back of | year Abdul Azziz spent six hundred thousand dollars for pictures and there was noththan six feet tall, on the top of which were immense candelabra, the prismatic crystals of which sparkled like the diamonds of Sinbad, the sailor, under the rays of the light. I passed through room after room finished in gold and walled with satin. I entered the most luxurious of bath rooms and spent some time in the grand audience hall where the Sultan holds his receptions at Bairam or the Mohammedan Easter. I walked upon the court, in front of the palace, along the beautiful waters of the Bosphorus, and looked at the yacht of the Sultan, which, with steam up, stands unused in front of the palace; and as I did so I remembered the story which one of the Sultan's officials told me as to why His

palace which could be so easily stormed as this one.

A GOOD HORSEMAN.

The Sultan is thoroughly posted on all matters relating to horses. He keeps track of the military affairs and is posted on all new inventions in arms. Not long ago there was sent to him from America a set of the Meybridge photographs, consisting of in-stantaneous pictures of the horse in action. The American Minister and the men of our The American Minister and the men of our legation looked at these pictures but did not see much utility in them. The moment the Sultan saw them he grasped at the advantage they would be to horse training, and he explained to the Minister what they meant. He afterward offered Mr. Straus a present of a couple of fine Arab horses, but the Minister explained that he did not think it would be right for him to accept presents and he declined the gift. He gave presents to General Grant and to several other Americans and he has made, some presents Americans and be has made some presents

Americans and be has made some presents to Abram S. Hewitt.

He is very fond of America, and I am told that he is anxious to have American capital brought into the development of his country. When Vanderbilt visited Constantinople he gave him an audience and proposed to him an investment of some of his millions in Turkey. Mr. Vanderbilt explained he had other uses for his money just at that time, and it was the same with Stanford. Senator Stanford, however, told Stanford. Senator Stanford, however, told the Sultan that he would be glad to build railroads in Turkey if he were a younger and a poorer man, and that he would ask nothing better than the chances which the Turkish Empire offered for American HANDICAPPED BY DEBT AND FANATICS.

It will be seen from this that the Sultan is interested in the development of his country. He would, I doubt not, make an able ruler if his people and his creditors would let him. Through the extravagances, however, of the Sultans of the past, Turkey is loaded down with debt and the empire is practically bankrupt. The foreign bond-holders regulate the collection of the taxes and foreign officers sit at the seat of customs. The Sultan never sees the tribute which Egypt pays to him yearly, and his every act is tempered by foreign influence. Surrounded as he is, he does the best he can, hoping against hope, and he is much more of a ruler, in fact, than is generally supposed. He does a great deal of work. He looks over a great part of his correspond-ence and dictates matters to his various officials. He has the veto power on all things relating to his people, and he now and then takes matters into his own hands and countermands the acts of his Grand Vizier. He has the absolute appointment of all the officers in the empire, but he has to trim his sails very carefully for fear he will get the fanatical party of Turkey down upon him. The Grand Vizier is his Pre-mier, and he has his Cabinet of advisers as has the President at Washington. He reads
the Turkish newspapers, and has men who
translate such articles from the foreign
papers as bear upon Turkey. He wants to
know everything that is said about his
country, whether it is good or bad, and he was lately very much interested in an was lately very much interested in an article on his kingdom published in the New York newspapers. He gives his people ample chance to bring their grievances before him and every time he goes to prayers petitions are presented to him. They are held out by the petitioners, and one of his aids decembers, there and His his aids-de-camp takes them, and His Majesty looks over them when he returns to his palace. Such as merit inquiry are in-I have seen the Sultan several times dur- vestigated and their wrongs righted.

ing my stay in Constantino, le. I saw him twice at the mosque, and I saw him when he made his annual procession across the Golden Horn to Stemboul to kiss the mantle of Mahomet, which is preserved in the old Semble I have a state of the royal palace. The stories of his harem, of how his wives are chosen and of the ups and downs of married life in Turkey will

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

A Cute Little Animal That Makes an Admirable Pet.

Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat. 1 Among the small animals which are quite a rare sight to city folks, and even dwellers in the towns, is the cunning little flying squirrel. This is really a wonderful creature, and appears to be a sort of compromise between a bird and an animal. It is about five inches long as to its body, which is black and gray and white beneath, and carries a bushy tail quite five inches in length, having a peculiar construction which assists it in its flight from tree to tree, but the main apparatus used in flying, or in reality leaping, is a loose membrane connected to the front and hind legs on each side, which the squirrel has the power to expand at will, thus increasing the surface presented against the air. When they desire to go from one tree to another they first ascend to the topmost branch, and boldly leap off into space. Then it is that their kite-like appendages make themselves useful. They spread out and the little animal, guiding itself by the tail, takes a downward, circular flight toward another tree. When it arrives within six or eight feet of its intended landing place it changes its position so as to light upon its fect against the tree, when the membranes become greatly reduced and are not at all in the way.

They live in decayed trees, where, if not

disturbed, they become quite numerous. They are difficult to catch, and bite victously when captured, but they are easily domesti cated and make admirable pets, and soon become an unfailing source of amusement to the children. They live upon nuts, acorns, insects, and are said to eat small

of these interesting surviving denizens of our suburban woods, who make their home in a giant oak, sail across the street one after the other to a tree at the residence of the writer, where they scamper about the limbs searching for ther favorite food. It seems from their actions that they are noc-tural in their habits and pass the day snugly curled up in their home in the old oak, which probably accounts for their survival long after the dainty gray and fox squirrels have disappeared.

DOWN TO HARD FACTS.

He Was Willing to Begin Where Bla Father-in-Law Did.

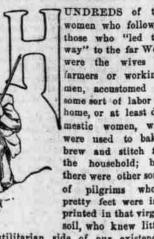
New York Weekly. Testy Old Gent-Huh! Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Young Suitor-Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.
Old Gent (subdued)—Take her, my son and be happy.

Leaving the Spa.

Pretty City Girls on the Plains as Wives of Army Officers. BRIDAL TOUR IN AN ARMY AMBULANCE.

CWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



some sert of labor at nature. home, or at least domestic women, who were used to bake, brew and stitch for the household; but there were other sorts of pilgrims whose pretty feet were imprinted in that virgin soil, who knew little

of the utilitarian side of our existence. These "lilies of the field" were the wives of our officers. A military man is generally conceded to be the most engaging of beings. His personal appearance takes him a long distance on the road to favor, for he is trained to erectness, to a fine carriage of the head; his muscular development follows on the habits of his active life; his uniform transforms one who might be passed by in a crowd into a cynosure for all eyes. Add to physique, carriage and clothes the manner which a man in so social a life as the army requires, and it is seldom that he comes knocking at the barely half-closed door of a susceptible heart that it is not flung wide to welcome him.

If our American can be made to admit that there is an aristocracy in the United States, the army belongs to it. It is one profession where money is not necessary. An officer dares to be poor, because a fortune cannot improve his social position; it is independent of fithy lucre.

The military man, therefore, poor as he is, is welcomed with cordiality in all the higher walks of life. While among civilians on duty, or when on leave of absence, he is thrown among the fairest women of the land, and he, of course, proceeds to fall in love. The father who smiles on him would frown on a clerk with the same salary. The paternal mind is at rest about the daughter's social standing.

A LOVER'S COMPUNCTIONS.

Compunctions do assail the officer when the object of his adoration is the center of a devoted family, living in idleness and luxury. He pictures her enduring hard-ships, and shuts his heart against temptations. How often I have heard them say: "How could I have the effrontery to ask a girl to endure our life?" and yet, in the end, they all do. When he tells a girl that he loves her, he has the grace to mention that there are trials. The girl usually tells him, in a wise little way, no life is without its trials, and in accepting him makes him sure an existence with him, no matter how hard.

The prize he gains is a pretty, accor plished, agreeable girl who knows literally nothing of the practical side of existence who very soon after her initiation to the plains would give all her knowledge of the piano in exchange for the secret of bread making; she would barter her skill with the brush and pencil for the gift of an expert needle, or the power to cut and model the simplest garment. Nevertheless, with her charming head, empty of all that pertains to the prosaic side of life and its grind, she is still a prize. The daintier and more butterfly her previous existence, the quicker the transformation into a practical that the more luxurious her former exist-ence, the less mention of it and the fewer complaints an army woman makes. These fine, fastidious creatures, courted in a con-servatory and won in a ballroom, can exhibit more adaptability and show more endurance than any women I eyer knew.

Our women as a nation are becoming more renowned for adaptability than all the women the world over; and if a young girl can come from school and fill the highest seat in the land without an error, or if our beautiful belles can enter the nobility as wives, and shine with such effulgence at the mo mal and austere court in the world, why should we not claim that there is no situation in life that an American woman cannot grace?

SHORT NOTICE TO MOVE. It may not be generally known that it is

the policy of the Government to give each regiment five years' tour of duty in a department. Circumstances change it to two years, and, even after a year in one Territory, unexpected orders transfer troops to the Gulf of Mexico or California, perhaps. A young army woman holding up her rosy-tipped fingers to tell off the stations in which she has lived, finds, even when she is

but a new campaigner, that her fingers give out in keeping tally.

Governments forget that there are such blessings as domestic life among those who serve. While a woman looks about her plain quarters in Texas, and congratulates berself that her inventions and devices have berself that her inventions and devices have turned the barrack into a "homey" spot, and reasons to herself, "Oh, if it is so dread-fully warm, still this is better than moving:" at that very moment perhaps the orderly crosses the parade ground with an order for her husband to prepare to take up his march for some post hundreds of miles in the North. Possibly but a few hours are given, and in the hurry of preparation the pretty devices for beautifying the home are torn from the walls or hurriedly jumbled into crowded packing cases; the choice garments crushed into trunks; the china which, in her crushed into trunks; the china which, in her inexperience, the young wife has brought from home, instead of earthenware, is put into barrels by clumsy hands.

At dawn next day the ambulance in which she is to journey is brought to the door, and almost filled with the last forgotten traps, guns, books, ammunition, baskets and boxes.

A ROUGH BRIDAL COACH.

In the first place, the ambulance in which the bride is going to travel tor hundreds of miles is not a luxuriant equipage. The Government builds them for the sick, but happily there are few ill people on the frontier, and they are, therefore, often loaned to the officers by the Quartermaster to transport their families. The wagon is long enough to admit of two seats on the side being joined in the middle and constructed into a bed over six feet long, on which the wounded or sick can lie. Under

these seats at the end are round holes, in

which the kegs of water are carried. The entrance is at the rear and the steps are low, so one can get in and out readily. The driver on the front seat can be cut off by a curtain from those inside.

At dawn the troops move out and the wagons are pulled into line and begin their

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Gallant Custer's Widow Describes the Life of a Warrior's Wife.

LOVE'S TRIALS ON THE FRONTIER.

Pretty City Girls on the Plains as Wives of

LOVE SMOOTHS THE BOAD. And yet, at the end of 25 miles of this irksome journey. I have seen the sweetest face, pale, perhaps, but not frown-ing, look out of the entrance of the wagon and greet her husband without a murmur. THE DISPATCH.1

UNDREDS of the women who followed those who "led the way" to the far West were the wives of farmers or workingmen, accustomed to some sert of labor at and greet her husband without a murmur. She speaks always of the lovliness; that sort of a murmuring no man minds, since he knows it is for him the sentiment is called forth. Most of them say something like this: "If a girl marries a man and comes out here she rather expects to see something of her husband, don't you think?" and then he lowers his voice and makes some reply that the driver tries in vain to hear; for a soldier, from the highest to the lowest, has a world of romance in his nature.

to the lowest, has a world of romance in his nature.

The promises of a few weeks or months before of a girl in tulle and lace and orange flowers, with all the glamor of first love, all the allurements of luxurious surroundings, were not idle words. With such chances before her to prove her devotion, she enters into her life joyous at the very thought that no one can doubt that she married but for one reason.

Her journey over the plains is but the repetition of the experiences of the wife of the pioneer; there were no royal reads over those sun-baked prairies. The windstorms shrieked around the ambulance, rocking it in its violence, or tore the canvas of the tent in its fierceness with just the same savage fury that it did the lumber wagon of the frontiersman. The sun scorched and the rain soaked the military pioneer just as it did the brave man who sought a new home. There was this to be said for the pioneer: When he finally located he need not move again, unless from some untoward circumstances. unless from some untoward circumstances. With an officer the marching was "from sun to sun," and, like a woman's work, it "wa never done." Some may suggest that the never done." Some may suggest that the military wife had not the ever-present fear of Indians in her journeyings that the wife of the pioneer had. But she had, though. We have, even now, with peace brooding over the land, a very small army.

The journey overland from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., which was the great outfitting place, to Santa Fe, N. M., took six weeks, and this was the bridal tour of many an army bride. I saw so many then, and have talked with them since about that eventful time, and no women of them all but declared that their wedding journey was the best any one ever had.

In our life there was no gradual leading

In our life there was no gradual leading up to anything. It was a succession of plunges the whole life through.

For instance, one day a pretty, delicate bride plighted her vows under exotics and in the midst of affluence. In three short days, possibly less, she was sitting in an ambulance trailing slowly over the Western divides. It was not the enthusiasm of youth and farmer of early lays that made even that and fervor of early love that made even that weary way seem to have the verdure and bloom of a garden, for years afterward I met these girls one after another, developed into matrons and mothers, and perhaps in all that time never knowing what people in the States term comfort, but still they had no murmuring word. Army women have faults, but complaining of their life is not among them.

among them.
At the end of these journeys of weeks, after experiencing everything in the way of what the elements can do, encountering prairie fire, making camps without fresh water, eating salt meat and coarse food, sub-jected to fright from Indians, and, perhaps, heing even in the midst of a skirmish with

you think she was introduced?

A HOME ON THE PLAINS. Long before the post was reached the fieldglass revealed a group of low huts, isolated and dreary. The color of the plains a dull, rusty hue, it was hard to realize that human beings were herded there. On nearer and nearer approach, there was no mistaking that it was a garrison of Uncle Sam's followers, stationed way out in the plains beside a muddy stream. The low, dark quarters were built of adobe, the sun-baked blocks of clay that the Mexicans use. The earth floor, small windows, and narrow door all combined to add to the gloom. Not a

tree was in sight that could cast a shade. The army woman set gloom at defiance She went to work resolutely to try to make another home. She watched eagerly when the boxes and tables which contained her few treasures were unpacked, and winked very fast to keep the tears back when almost everything was found to be nicked, bent, broken or crushed out of shape. I have seen them take the articles one by one and arrange them in the quarters, get some sim-ple curtains to the blindless windows, and so settle themselves in a few hours that the husband, coming from his duty at night,

Rocky Mountains I sometimes hear the weary voice of some complaining woman exclaiming: "When will these hideous plains cease?" and looking at her surroundings—the comfort and ease of a Pullman car, the books, fruit, ice water, the dining car, above all, all the water in a land of water famines, that she needs for her toilet—I cannot help contrasting her journey with that of her brave predecessors, whose buoyant faces gazed westward and never turned back a regretful look,
ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

TANNING AN ELEPHANT HIDE. Pretty Big Job and Takes Three Years.

From the St. James Gazette.1

It weighed about 1,200 pounds, and was about an inch and a third thick. After being put in a reservoir of pure water to green it, it was beaten for one hour every day with an iron on a large anvil. After being ten days in pure water it was left for another ten days in water with about 4 per cent of salt. Then it was replaced in pure water again for 20 days. During those 40 days it

was constantly in soak.

The head and feet, weighing about 300 pounds, were then removed, and the skin hung on spikes in the drying room. After hanging one day it was put in a vat contain-ing potash and a small quantity of sulphur of sodium in the following proportions: Water, 1,000 parts; slacked lime, 25 parts; potash, 3 parts; sulphur of sodium, 2 parts. After being two days in this bath it was rinsed in pure water of a temperature of 20 degrees, when it was again placed in the drying room. After this double operation was repeated three times the skin was ready to have the hair taken off. This operation occupied about one day's time, and gave about 75 pounds of hair. Another day was spent in cleaning and scraping. By this time it lost 30 per cent of

its weight. The operation of its preparation lasted two months, and it went through the same course as cowhide, with the difference that each phase of the work took three times as much time. The skin should be stretched hides. Six layers of powder are then thrown in; two first, two second and two third layers.
Altogether the tanning takes three years.
The partition of time is thus: Recoming green, 40 days; worked, 16 days; preparation, 50 days; repetition, 60 days; first pit (double), 200 days; second pit (double), 300 days; third pit (double), 400 days,

Algy Could Not Fool Her.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

E. D. BEACH.

Herr Wachsmuth was unmistakably jocose, but Heinrich seemed serious.

"Is Herr Martersteig handsome, Heinrich?" asked his cousin, laughing.

"Not if I am a judge," returned Heinrich, with some asperity. "He looks to me like a doll. He is starched up so he can't turn his head. He wears French heels on his boots like a woman, and his trousers are so tight I think he would rather stand up than sit down."

"How awfull" cried Minna. "But that is the German fashion, you know. Does he wax his mustache, Heinrich?"
"Yes, he does," returned the youth shortly.
"You could use it for pins. And he wears

lass like the Englishman that's having his pocket picked in the wax works."
"He has been in the university and in the army," said the wine merchant, whose eigar was now glowing. "His father was in Goettingen before him, and he was a cox-comb, too. He fought 40 duels, and he read

poetry to your aunt in such a way that it is no wonder I was jealous."
"I wonder if Alex. loves poetry," said the Fraulein Minna, with a reflective air.
"No doubt," blurted her cousin. "That

will just please you, won't it?"
"I don't know," returned Minna. "A
man with a single eyeglass would have to
read Heine very charmingly, I think, in order to touch me. Will you read a little poetry to me this evening, Heinrich?" That was a malicious stroke. If Minna

had asked her cousin to get her a seat on a crowded Coney Island boat, or to tell her the score in a ball game, or the winner at Monmouth Park, he could have accommodated her with alacrity and ease. But he had no more understanding of poetry than he had of the cunciform inscriptions. He had been reared in a German atmosphere, had spent five years in a Hanoverian gymnasium (much against his inclination) and was as devoid of ideality as his father, and as American as though the Wachsmuths had been among the passengers on the Mayflower. He was in love with his cousin, but not at all because their sympathies ran in the same channel. Minns, who had spent 15 of the 18 years of her life in Germany, was essen-tially German in body and mind—blooming, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and senti-mental, with a certain amount of self-possession and sprightliness not common in the German girl, and which may have been the American contribution to her charming



characteristics. She was not in love with her cousin, and although the wine merchant far in different fashion from that to which and his son may have been blind to them he was accustomed at home that all the hed there were several reasons why it was natural that she should not be enamored of Heinrich. He was only 19 for one thing, and the 18-year-old woman is not apt to look up to the 19-year-old man; and for another thing he was a good three inches shorter than his cousin, who always felt like giving him her arm and handing him into horse cars when they were out together. Add to this that he found almost his entire literature in the sporting and theatrical columns of the newspapers, and that he would have had to think to tell the difference between blank verse and rhyme, and it will seem not altogether strange that Minna, a young person familiar with the novels of three languages and gifted with a bountiful supply of ideals—ideals of men among the others should have been able to maintain in her cousin's company an imagination quite cool and a pulse quite equable. The wine merchant was a long remove from an ogre; he would no more have compelled his niece against her wish in a matter of the heart, or in any other matter, than he would have eaten pudding before soup or sold Stein-berger Cabinet for Hocheimer; but he had a placid idea that Heinrich was to wed Minna, and Heinrich was of the same opinon, and Minna herself felt no assurance to the contrary. The untouched heart of Heinrich's cousin was frequently the cause of jealous spasms in the breast of the young man. He did not know that it was untouched; he believed that he had touched it, shirt bosom; but at that point he ceased your father. I've heard of you, you rascal.

To o'clock of a raw, foggy February night Herr Friedrich Wachsunth, wine merchant of Warren street, ast at dinner with his family at his home in Stuyvesant Square. A portly and placid man, mot subject to violent emotions, Herr Wachsunth wine was a country. The wine nerchant's son to bitterness. Thus stirred was he when his count asked him if Alex. I Martersteig was handsome, and when she pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine nerchant's son to bitterness. Thus stirred was he when his count asked him if Alex. I Martersteig was handsome, and when she pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine nerchant's son to bitterness. Thus stirred was he when his count asked him if Alex. I Martersteig was handsome, and when she pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine nerchant had read in the poet in the poetro of the pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine nerchant had read in the poetro of the pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine merchant had read in the pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young collegian loved poetry. The wine nerchant had read in the poet in the poetro of the worth had sent Heiarich over to the Hoboken docks to have been warrantable. The Fraulein Minna heautiful and accomplished, was unequivocally worthy of devotion; his son Heinrich was a generally amiable youth in good health; the table he put his legs under the always made sure was spread with the best, and the wine business, in the 20 years of his connection with it in New York, had brought to him a comfortable fortune.

A sigh of satisfaction escaped from behind the napkin of Herr Wechmuth as home the poetro of the worth with the poetro of the worth with the poetro of the worth with the poetro of the worth of t

the stairs and the door of room 30 there popped out of a room at his e young woman loaded down with a sof clean towels. The towels were are in a symmetrical pile, the base of rested upon the young woman's chands, while the top soared far above head. Inasmuch as the towels shut a view absolutely, it it would have been circumspect if she had advanced in hall with deliberation; but being in she took the chances, which led her he collision with Heinrich so violent and expected that both he and she were a while the towels were showered like a flakes over a considerable area, in a center they sat, regarding each other

flakes over a considerable area, in whe center they sat, regarding each other we considerable astonishment.

As Heinrich helped the young woman gather up her towels he noticed that a was an exceedingly attractive person, me sprightly and tidy, with a heat waist, tense blushes, and a pair of black of whose dissolving glances worked upon he with a suddenness and follness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness and the suddenness and the suddenness are suddenness as fullness of effect yielded by that excelling the suddenness are suddenness as fullness of effect yielded by the suddenness as f



stairs. I was sorry to interrupt the I'd no idea there was poetry goin, that hour in the morning. Talk about stairs. I was sorry to interrupt them, but I'd no idea there was poetry going on at that hour in the morning. Talk about poetry, that was poetry, I tell you! They stood in the doorway together; she had his coffee things on a tray; he was all wrapped in a big dressing gown that went three or four times around; he had his glass in his eys and his cigar in his fingers, and he held the chambermaid's face between his hands with her chin tilted up, and—"
"Heinrich!" roared the wine merchant, "did he kiss the servant girl?"

"He did," replied Heinrich, looking at

smuth. "It was that confounded propen-sity, my dear," continued the wine merchant, turning to his niece. "which kept me so concerned about your aunt. He didn't stop at servant girls, Nicholas didn't. Every mother in Stettin was on the watch for Nick. And Alex. is a chip of the old block! I shall be proud to welcome the boy!"

Heinrich continued to look at his cousin

She may have been just a trifle troubled; some vaguely crystallizing ideal may have been shaken and spoiled; but she was evidently not deeply concerned by her cousin's story. Oh, Heinrich! was that story worth while? Was it at all a decent thing to tell while? Was it at all a decent thing to tell Minna that the young Herr Doctor from Goettingen kissed the Hoboken servant girl? Especially when there was no truth in it, was it decent to tell such a story? Oh, Heinrich! the true story of that incident in the Hoboken hotel is very different from the tale you told your cousin; and it is necessary that Herr Dr. Martersteig should be exonerated; and necessary as well that the picturesque transaction which you described should be so reported as to show the true part borne in it by Herr Wachsmuth's jealous sou.

The first American day on which the young Herr Doctor of philology opened his eyes was gray and nipping. He had slept well at the Hotel Bruckbauer, though so he was accustomed at home that all the bed had been beneath him instead of three-quar ters of it on top. Thrusting his feet into slippers of thick felt and wrapping himself in a heavy dressing gown that reached his heels, he pulled the bell and shivered complacently as he glaced from the window over a snow-sprinkled little square and caught a vague glimpse of the Hudson rolling black and turbulent under the fog. A waiter, dex-terous and amiable, appeared in answer to his call with rolls and coffee. Would the Herr be pleased to have also an egg? Or perhaps he would desire something even perhaps he would desire something even more substantial after the rigors of his voyage. No, the Herr would dispense with the egg, and with the entire larder for the present; but it would be a gratification to him if he might be served with a fire and a barber. he might be served with a fire and a barber. Hoboken is a place which affects a gentle mergence of the customs of the Fatherland into the customs of America; the Mountain of barber there will go upon call to the Mahomet of customer; and Herr Martersteig, refreshed by his coffee, well shaved, and warmed cheerfully by an open fire, was dressing himself with satisfaction and leis-

The jealous Heinrich had labeled him

into his veins as they picked up the aest-tered towels in company. When the last towel had been recovered Heinrich pulled a silver dollar from his pocket, and blushing like a turkey cock, asked the girl's name. "Louisa," she told him-" Niemeyer." Heinrich held out the dollar to her with great awkwardnes spread out her apron prettily, and the dropped into it. "Thank you, siz," said. She was very close to him as spoke; he had never felt in his life bauch a pressure of stupendous emotions; for he knew it his arm was around wait and she had not a kies tree him. waist and she had got a kiss from him as well as a dollar. Then she was gone; and Heinrich went on to the end of the hali, and knocked at Herr Martersteig's door.

Martersteig was at once overcome by the attractions of Minna. Upon one pretext or another he presented himself in Stuyvesant Square every day-sometimes twice a day. Herr Wachsmuth was away. On the day following Heinrich's journey to Hoboken in search of Nicholas Martersteig's son the wine merchant had been summoned to Baltimore. The affairs of the house of Halberschoppen & Co. in that city were very sark-



met a woman so sive. He sought in vain for a moti-her indifference. He thought of Heir and was unable to feel any mental dis